

Two Kids in Sixth Grade

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They were dark and terrible days and a troubling, sour time
The world seemed to have lost all of its reason and rhyme
There was hate without end
Even among friends
And hope had blown away with the wind

The people were divided by customs and food
By the songs that they sang and the things that they chewed
They spoke different languages and made different art
But these weren't the only things that tore them apart
There were wars and great sadness and many bitter words
They didn't believe the truth anymore
Just what they heard.

"This hatred's been 'round for hundreds of years," they'd say,
"And nothing's going to change it, not ever, no way!"
They wrote hateful music and articles and poems
And even if you wanted to, you couldn't help but know 'em.
You knew what they said and you knew what they meant
That some people were just evil one-hundred percent

One day, two kids in sixth grade on either side of a border
Between two countries that completely hated each other
Decided that day to see if they could somehow communicate
And make the world better – if it wasn't too late
They were lucky that the year was already two-thousand and nine
For there were things then that could help two kids who were so
inclined
There was My Space and Facebook and Twitter and blogging
So they could write and send pictures and do virtual jogging

But things were much more difficult than they'd thought
Each one wrote that the other side was SOOOO wrong
In things they believed and the destruction they'd wrought
It took them quite a while to get through the poison of their hist'ry
This kind of talking was very hard, not magic or a myst'ry
They cried and they yelled at the computers on their desks

“I don’t know why I’m doing this! It doesn’t make any sense!
Hating’s much easier” they screamed at the screens
And they clicked the “sign-off” button and you know what that means
They stopped corresponding and it seemed all hope was lost
But, you know what? They missed each other and decided that
No matter what the cost
They would try sending messages again
‘Til they talked through the pain

It took a long time, they’d written nearly about all
Until one day, sometime in the Fall
They wrote about colors – on their flags waving in the breeze and sun
Those flag-colors were all different, except for just one
One flag had green and black and red
And the other one blue
And the color they both shared was one that, according to some
Is not truuuuuuue-
ly a color at all
That’s right – it’s white

Now according some,
White is all the colors that there are
All rolled into one
But there are others who theorize
(Because they really know this stuff and are so very wise!)
That white isn’t a color – it’s none
To them white is what happens when all light is gone

The two sixth graders thought about this and then took an oath
They decided that both kinds of whiteness were rightness
That white should be both
A color and also not be
And that this way of thinking could make everyone free
Because they’d value the whiteness for what it could mean
They said, “If white is all colors well that is terrific
Then white is a symbol for something specific
That all the people in the world, no matter their flags and their colors
Are all part of something larger, all part of each other
And if white is no color, the absence of light
Then we’re all responsible to set the world right

By bringing the light to the whiteness so all colors can bond and blend.”

Which could be our conclusion – which could be the end

But don't you want to know what happened to our kids in the sixth grade?

Don't you want to know if they ever met and it's peace that they made?

Better than peace, if such a thing there could be

They did come together and helped everyone be free

And they made a celebration to help make the world stronger

They took the colors of their two flags (that no were important no longer)

And did something with the colors that was just fun and sweet

They made ice cream-freedom-sundaes and that was pretty neat

The sundaes had red stuff and green stuff and black stuff and blue

And underneath was white ice cream

And NOW our story's through!